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"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE.]

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NOT IN—THE WIDOW PUNISHED.

BY ALICE CAREY.

She waited in the drawing room,
Good Mrs. Mabel Moore;
Six flowers of a pretty lace
Were on the dress she wore;
Upon her bosom a French rose,
And on her cap some satin bows.

One little foot just peeped without
Her petticoats so white;
Her hair, a little gray, was true,
Was put in curls and rings,
And sweet her glances shone around,
As if some good thing she had found.

The clock was on the stroke of eight,
And still she sat apart,
Now listening close, and laying now
One hand upon her heart;
And trying with her curls and rings,
And doing other girlish things.

At length a step was heard, and then
A ringing at the door;
"Five minutes and a half too soon,"
Said Mrs. Mabel Moore.
Then to her maid—"It is no sin,
Go quick, and say I am not in."

"For if he loves me as he says,
He can afford to wait,
And come again precisely at
Five minutes after eight.
My nerves are really quite unstrung,
So very earnestly he rung."

But true love never did run smooth,
As oftentimes is told,
And when the door was opened wide,
And shivering in the cold,
The maid beheld the expected guest,
She smiled and courted her best.

And told him with a grace as sweet,
As if she craved a boon,
Her mistress had declared it was
A little bit too soon,
And that she thought it was no sin
To send him word she was not in.

"Ah, very well," the guest replied,
"In truth I make no doubt,
That whether she be in or no,
I've surely found her out."
And she who sent him from the door
Remained Mrs. Mabel Moore.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The following curious narrative, told as being strictly true, is from the March number of the *Water Cure Journal*.—Its incidents will remind the reader of the Scottish second sight, of which we have seen so many examples:

I was at school a close student, a young, ambitious lad of sixteen, somewhat homespun, but strong in upright-ness; and conscious of power. My dear father was sick, and gradually undeg-roping that grand metempsychosis which the shallow thinkers call death. It was a stormy day in January; the snow had fallen two feet deep, when I started for my home, eight miles distant. My father had written me that he wanted to see me, he wanted to give me injunction after injunction, not to forget my duties to him in the care of his wife—my mother. He need not have said it—I could not. I never can forget him or her. Death! A man such as my father never dies. He lives in his councils, full of wisdom as they were of heart, in his example, ripe from wide observation and varied experience; in his principles, which were absolute, as great moral truths are, in his very mistakes, which were few and not small. His desire to see me growing out of a feeling that he might at any hour "pass on," and to give me counsel, was natural, but not necessary. But his slightest wish was law to me, and I started for home, as I have said, on foot. Weary walk, this trudging in an unbroken snow path. Before I reached our door, I thought my body would tire out completely, but it did not. I accomplished it.

I ate my supper, chatted awhile with my parents, and went to bed in my old bed-room. My father and mother I left sitting in the kitchen, gratified at my arrival and proud of me. I fell asleep—awoke, and took a seat between my father and mother. They looked surprised, and inquired why I had left my bed.

Said I, "has nobody been here since I went to bed?"
"No."
"Well," replied I, "there will somebody come, and that is why I left my bed—at least I have dreamed there would, and the dream is no illusion but a fierce reality."
My father smiled as if incredulous, yet as though he asked no braver de-fender than his boy. At this moment my mother, a very cautious woman, heard a rap at the door, and stepping to it, as I supposed to inquire who was there and what was wanted, instead, opened the door, and in came a terrible gust of wind and snow—for the night was hideous—and with them marched a woman. She walked half way from the door to the fire, when she discovered me, and I evidently took her aback by my presence. I saw this at a glance. I saw the creature to struggle, and I knew I was destined to struggle, and I knew in strength as I looked, at my dear father and mother. She took a chair, turned its back to the fire, and seated herself with her face in the shadow. I kept my seat, and appeared to give no attention to her.

"Who are you?" inquired my father.
"What is that to you?" said she.
"Everything, if you are to stay in my house, nothing if you are not."
"What if I will not tell you?"
"Then you must leave the house."
"Leave the house?" exclaimed she, "I should like to see any one here try to put me out."
"What if I call my men and throw you out, neck and heels?"
"You have not got any men, they are all gone home."
"How do you know?"
"I inquired at the last house on the

road before I came here. It is Satur-day night—and I was told that your laborers all went home on Saturday night—and that you lived alone."

I glanced at my father, he was pale, but his courage ebbed not a whit. He was helpless—not able to get out of his chair, and he surmised strange occur-rences, for he had received not less than eighteen hundred dollars that very week by his large wheat sales, and he saw what was before him. This hag was either a decoy or a man in disguise, whose object was robbery. I could see all this was rapidly passing through my father's mind, but it did not bow him the ninth part of an inch. So I sat still as if I suspected nothing but a war of words; the hag had an old quilted hood and an old bombazine cloak, which came to her feet and was belted about the body.

"You are a woman?" said father.
"Of course I am, what do you ask them questions for?"
"Have you a husband?"
"Yes."
"Where does he live?"
"In Truxton."

"Well, then, if you have a husband, why do you not live at home instead of gadding about such nights as this, alone—a night fit only for fiends to be abroad?"
"Why don't you set the North river on fire?" said she, leaping from her chair and springing towards my father, and hissing through her teeth, "I'll teach you why I am here."

My mother screamed and ran, my father made an ineffectual attempt to get out of the way, but instantly yielded, resolved to take what awaited him, and I was out of my seat as quick as the hag, and as she passed me on the way to grapple my father, I struck her with my fist a blow under the ear, which but for her old cotton hood, would have knocked her down; as it staggered her it gave me time to get the chairs out of the way, and gather myself for a fight.

She recovered, and looking at me a moment, said, as if in soliloquy, "Oh! you choose to cross my path do you? Well, I don't me if I don't settle you, pretty quick," and thrusting her hand into her cloak, made as if she would draw a dagger. The motion madden-ed me, it brought the foam to my lips, I struck her a half dozen blows as quick as lightning, she let her dagger go and clinched me—her gripe satisfied me I had found my match, eye, more in strength, and that my skill as a boxer, and my almost unequalled ability as a wrestler must save me.

I had learned pugilism of a clever English teacher, and at wrestling, to that day I had never been thrown. I knew when I felt the grip that I was dealing with a man. I felt that my father and mother were relying on me and grew strong, as I before said. We tussled, grapsed and let loose, struck and parried, clenched and wrestled, till at various attempts we found ourselves to what wretches "call side hold." I got the "under arm," and lifted him, I was no longer a woman—over my hip, threw my leg around his and turned him. He fell on the floor like a log. I intended to break his bones, but he unhooked his cloak—it had become unbelied in the struggle—and he leaped up like a cat. His cloak and hood fell off together. I struck him before he was balanced, staggered him, grappled my left hand into his throat and struck him again—called on my mother to open the door, as she did, I pushed him and kicked him out. He swore he would be the death of me. I told him to take himself out of the State or I would put a sheriff on his track, and shutting the door in his face, walked to my father.

"My son," said he, "kneel down," and I did, and my mother was by my side, and my brother, a boy younger than myself, who had awakened, and crept out into the kitchen, was also there, and father prayed God for his blessings, and thanked him for our safety, and blessed me for my coolness and bravery, and we all went to bed.

Now, let you doubters tell me how I came to see this matter beforehand.—This very hooded and cloaked man I had seen, and heard his threats to my father, had struggled with him, and conquered him in my dream, before he came into the house, and had awakened and left my bed to go and see after my father's safety, and to conquer him again in the kitchen. All the main features of the occurrence were made known to me before they took place, and by the impression they made on me, enabled me, I doubt not, to save my parents' lives. This incident differs from the others in this, that what I was conscious of in one state, was com-mon to the other. It was an act of provision. I could make a book of such incidents in my life.

Let these suffice to satisfy the reader, as far as my testimony goes, of the truth of the position, that persons, whilst in the body, are not always sub-ject to material causes or motives, as prompters to activity.

NEW ENGLISH TARIFF.—Several changes, at the recommendation of the ministry, have been made in the En-glish tariff, and the reduction of duties on various articles exported from this country is very material. Among these are books, butter, cheese, cloths, rice, eggs, etc. It is said the reduction will go into operation forthwith.

A GENUINE FIGHT.—The Cincinnati Commercial, of the 19th, gives the par-ticulars of a "free fight" which oc-curred at a respectable boarding house in Covington:

A Southerner named Robbon, who has "plenty of money and nothing to do," was a boarder at the house, and among his failings, he would occasion-ally drink too much good brandy, and on such occasions, was ripe for any kind of warlike operations. A few evenings since he arrived at his boarding house, in what is politely called a "state of inebriation." He had a servant, a small negro boy, at whom, for some trivial cause, he became angry, and at-tempting to chastise him, but with the assistance of the landlady, the boy got out of the way, and hid in the kitchen under a table; Robbon pursued, and commenced a search, and chancing to stumble over the stove—fancied it was his boy—knocked it over, and beat it furiously with a chair. Finding his mistake, he became infuriated, and re-turning to the landlady, struck her with his hand.

A young man named Taylor, who does business in Cincinnati, witnessed the blow, and immediately attacked Robbon, but the latter was armed with a cane, and knocked him down. Taylor rallied and returned to the charge, and was again felled. The blows of the heavy cane were by no means com-fortable, and he drew a knife with the idea of suddenly putting a period to his antagonist's demonstrations. He did not use the knife, but held it in his left hand, while he fought with his right. Presently, he brought Robbon down, and a long struggle ensued on the floor. Finally Robbon got up, and as the room was by this time filling with people, he ran out, and to the first turn of the stairs, taking with him a solid and heavy chair. Planting himself on the stairs, he swore there were not men enough in Kentucky to take him. The crowd increased rapidly, and the ex-citement was at a high pitch. At length it was resolved that taken the rascal should be, dead or alive, and a number of brave men started up stairs to make him a prisoner. He stood on his defence like a Spartan, and as the storming party could come at him but as fast as they came within reach, until near a dozen had fallen badly bruised, when the assault ceased.

Several times was this scene enacted. Robbon fought with the fury of a tiger, and so battered the men who rushed upon him that they became dismayed, and a temporary panic possessed them. But it would not do for one man to defy an hundred, and they renewed the attack with the utmost desperation.—Stones and bricks were hurled in volleys at the desperado, who was fighting with a gallantry worthy a better cause, yet all was in vain, he withstood the storm dauntlessly, and beat back the crowd with his chair.

At last the lights were blown out, and two of the bravest of the throng, one a policeman and the other a true Kentucky "blood," ascended the perilous stairs, holding chairs over their heads. So tremendous were the blows that fell upon the policeman that he was knocked, chair and all, headlong, but at the moment the "blood" grappled with Robbon, a terrible fight ensued. For several minutes the crowd stood at the foot of the stairs, listening with awe to the blows that were given, and the groans and curses that responded, in the struggle going on above.

The "blood" was victorious, however, for when the people recovered their senses and went to his assistance, they found him uppermost. Robbon was, in the heat of the moment, unmercifully beaten, and then dragged to jail. His wife has punished him most severely by refusing to live with him, though she, like a true woman, waited on him while he was sick in jail. If he will go into business and quit drinking for one year, as an earnest of his intention to reform, she will live with him again, and on no other condition. He had better accede to her terms and become what a man should be. Any one who can make so valiant a defence against a multitude as he did, has something in him worth preserving. Fortunately and strangely, none of the persons who fell beneath his blows were dangerously injured.

A SLAVE OF GEN. WASHINGTON'S.—It is not generally known to our readers that there is living near Cooktown a slave of Gen. Washington's. He is 124 years of age, and can walk six miles in a day. He is so old that his fingers and toes are nearly all white. He belonged to Washington when he owned what is known as Washington's Bottom, on which Perryopolis now stands. The estate of Col. Cook was and still is bound for his living. He is to be taken to the World's Fair for exhibition, if arrange-ments can be made. It is well known that Barnum made his first "pile of money" by exhibiting a slave which he said belonged to Washington, but it was a humbug. For this man being a slave of Washington's, the record of the transfer from Washington to Colonel Steeve will prove. It is worth a trip to see him at his home. He has used tobacco and whisky all his life.—*Monongahela Repub.*

A Residence in China.—An Englishman named Powers has written a book with the above title, from which the following extracts are taken:

A TETUAN SAID "RAISING THE WIND." "He was by no means scrupulous in his mode of acquiring wealth, and regu-larly 'squeezed' every individual under his government. One ingenious plan of extorting a loan from an unwilling cap-italist, was to tie his hands together, and introduce a couple of wild cats into the wide seat of his inexpressibles. This was a way of bringing them to the scratch, which never failed, and by de-grees this excellent ruler grew to be enormously rich. The emperor, think-ing at last that his sponge must be full, sent for him to Peking, to have a grand squeeze."

"The wretched old victim was thrown into prison and soundly bastinadoed, a process which relieved him of some of his too plethoric wealth. Strips of cot-ton, dipped in turpentine, were tied round his fingers and toes, and lighted, which produced a grand haul. The wild cats continued for half an hour to produce revelations of fresh hoards. A knight templar or a Norman king could scarcely have been more ingenious in their financial experiments on a misera-ble Jew. Renewed tortures produced further discoveries of treasure, till the old man's last doubtless and last breath were yielded up together."

Mr. Powers' estimate of the Chinese is by no means flattering: a cowardly, sensual, foolish set of barbarians, for whom no interest but that of curiosity can be excited:

THE VALUE OF AN OLD MAN IN CHINA. "The reasonableness and placability of the natives were, on one occasion, evinced in rather a remarkable manner at Chusan, while I was there. An En-glishman had come across some wild ducks in the canal inside the city, at which he fired with ball, all his shot having been previously expended. The bullet missed the birds, and glancing from the water, killed an old Chinaman, who was sitting at his own door, enjoy-ing his pipe."

"The unfortunate sportsman, horri-fied at the result of his silly thought-lessness, hurried away to take counsel with his friends, who recommended him to try to settle the matter with the rel-atives of the deceased, to prevent their complaint from being laid formally be-fore the authorities, who would be ob-ligated to award a heavy punishment for such reckless carelessness. With this view one of his friends was dispatched to visit the family, to condole with them for their loss, and to explain how thor-oughly it was the result of accident.—He deplored the unhappy circumstance which had deprived the family of so val-uable and so respectable a member, and pointed out the cheering fact that he was very old, and, in the natural course of things, could not have been expected to live much longer, and that pecuniary recompense should be made to console the family for the few months' society they might have anticipated enjoying with him. They admitted that he was old, very old, and as he could not have lived long, they mentioned a hundred dollars, as a sum likely to have a good effect in assuaging the bitterness of their affliction. The ambassador, delighted at hearing a demand so much more rea-sonable than he had anticipated, but con-ceiving his satisfaction, pointed out that the deceased was so old that he could hardly have estimated his short rem-nant of existence at such a large sum; that he had died a very quiet and easy death, and that very likely he was want-ing in the other world, so that the un-lucky bullet might be esteemed a mes-senger despatched by the gods. He thought, therefore, that fifty dollars, to make a feast and burn plenty of joss-stick and paper money, would be suf-ficiently satisfactory to the spirit of their departed ancestor. The matter was fi-nally settled to the satisfaction of all parties by the payment of seventy-five dol-lars; and I question whether one might not have shot two-thirds of the old boys of Ting-hae at the same reasonable rate, notwithstanding the veneration in which age is held."

A WARRIOR IN DEFEAT. "A curious instance of the utter in-eptitude of the Chinese to cope with Eu-ropeans occurred at Chapoor, where the principal mandarin fled at the very first shot, and never stopped till he reached home, an example followed by the whole of the troops with the greatest alacrity. When he reached home it may be sup-posed that the gallant mandarin packed up his plate and jewels, and betook him-self with his family to the safest spot in the country. He sent for his wives, and strung them up to the beam of his house, his children he strangled and threw into a well, and then heaping up all his valuables about his chair of state, he surrounded it with combustibles, and setting fire to the pile, perished in the flames. His fate would have been wor-thy of an old Roman, or a hero of Nor-man times, if he had fought to the last gasp, and adopted such an end to show his contempt for the enemy when all else was lost. But to abandon the field of battle for such a purpose, without strik-ing a blow—to fly from one kind of death on purpose to seek another so in-conceivably worse—show how incapab-le we are of appreciating the motives of a people whose idiosyncrasy is so entirely different from our own."

Old Times.—The old Countess of Desmond, who died in the reign of James I., pronounced Richard III. as handsome a man as she ever danced with.—*Ed.*

"The Countess must have lived longer than people do now-a-days. Richard III. was killed in 1485. King James commenced his reign in 1603—an inter-val of only 118 years. Therefore, to have been of sufficient age to have danced with Richard, even on the day of his death, and to have died on the very day James I. mounted the throne, would make the old Countess to have lived about 135 years. But to have danced with Richard when he was a young man, and in his dancing days, and to have died about the middle of the reign of James, would make her about 170 years old at the time of her death. Verily, an old Countess, indeed!"

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, having read the forego-ing, cites the following facts in relation to the Countess of Desmond, as derived from Walpole:

"The Countess of Desmond lived to the age of 159 years, danced with Rich-ard III., and affirmed that she was a well made man. She was 87 when she mar-ried O'Connor of Sligo. The Earl of Desmond's first wife died in 1564; if he remarried the next day his bride must have been 68, and yet she had a son and five daughters by him. Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be 140 at least, and added that she three times had a new set of teeth."

"An extraordinary anecdote, given as authentic, relating to this lady, by Rob-ert, the second Earl of Leicester, who received the account from Lady Des-mond.—That the old Countess came to England to solicit a pension, at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was so poor that she walked from Bristol to London. Her daughter, being too de-crepid to go on foot, was carried in a cart. 'The Countess,' says Lord Lei-cester, 'might have lived much longer had she not met with a kind of violent death, for she would needs climb a nut tree to gather nuts: so, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought on a fever, and that fever brought on death.' She was born in 1466, died in 1625—making her 159 years old."

A RICH AFFAIR!—The Pittsburgh Post is responsible for the following.—The girls, it seems, did not strip for the fight, but they were soon stripped after they got into it:

Two young ladies residing in Allegheny City, yesterday settled a little diffi-culty which had sprung up between them, by a resort to hair pulling, scratch-ing, dress tearing, &c. One of the lad-ies—so the story runs—fancied herself secure in the affections of a nice young man, when the other stepped in, and by the force of superior charms, suc-ceeded in bringing him to her feet. Miss A. couldn't stand it; it was too much for flesh and blood to bear. Yesterday the two ladies met, and Miss A. commenced an attack on Miss B., and such was the bitterness existing between the two, that not one word was spoken, and that strange too, considering they were wo-men, but at it they went. First, the bonnets were torn off; then shawls and handkerchiefs followed; the dresses came next, and then—but no matter what—but in a few minutes, the two young ladies were standing within a ring which had been formed, perfectly denuded of their clothing, with the exception of shoes and stockings. Such was the bit-terness of feeling existing, that the fight would have continued, had not a relative of one of the combatants succeeded in dragging and pushing the ladies into a house, where they were pacified. Both the young ladies are very respectable, and this sudden ebullition of their pugilistic propensities has surprised every one. The young man is lucky, the way we look at it, and the girls foolish."

About six months ago a young man in this city, cashier and book-keeper in a house, engaged in the West-ern produce business, had placed to his credit on the books of his employer the sum of \$100. That was all the capital he possessed in cash. He had been two years in the house, however; was industrious, steady and persevering, un-derstood business; had the confidence of his employer, and the prospect of speedily becoming that person's partner.

The employer, at the time mentioned, died, while on a trip to the North. On opening his will, it was found that he had left to the young man the duty of settling his estate, paying a number of legacies, &c. The young man had the business of the house left him, and the sum of \$2,000 cash. As the fortune of the deceased was in money deposited in bank, and the estate was not in debt, the succession was soon settled.

After six months' labor as head of the house, the young man had only \$100, finds that he has made \$9,000 profits, and is possessed of as handsome a business as could be desired.

N. O. Picayune.

"First class in sacred music, stand up. How many kinds of metres are there?"
"Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and meet her by moonlight alone!"
"Who told you that, you booby?"
"Bill Jones, sir!"
"Go to your seat. When school is over, we will try and establish the key note of a pickled cow hide."

Gov. GREINER AMONG US.—The Ohio State Journal says:

We are gratified to announce that our excellent friend John Greiner has returned from his long sojourn in New Mexico. He arrived in this city on Saturday evening, and was heartily welcomed by a troop of friends of both parties. John is a trifle thinner than he was when he left us, and his hair is a little whiter. He explains the last change by relating a transaction where he got most confoundedly scared by the Indians! He has done his duty nobly, and left Santa Fe, the most popular man with all classes, Americans, Mex-icans and Indians, of any man in the territory. The Santa Fe Gazette alludes to his departure in the following compli-mentary manner:

"Among the consequences of a change of officers in our Territory, not the least is that of separating the ties of friendship that exist between the old incumbents and our citizens."

Hon. John Greiner, who came among us in 1851 as Indian Agent, and who subsequently received the appointment of Secretary of the Territory, leaves us with the mail on the first of June.

In the discharge of his duties as a public officer, both as Agent and Sec-etary, Mr. Greiner has evinced an hon-esty and faithfulness, creditable alike to himself and the Government; and he will carry with him to his home in Ohio, the high respect and confidence of our citizens, both American and Mexican. We part with Mr. Greiner with sincere regret, and we trust he may find it to his interest to return to our Territory with his family, and settle permanently among us, which we understand he has some intention of doing.

Our Government as it is.—Equally removed from despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other.—Founded on the consent of the people, its Constitution and Laws admit of re-sistance, no rebellion. Let those who dislike it find a better if they can.—*Toast of Hon. G. F. Comstock at the late Fourth of July Dinner.*

More truth and so cutting a rebuke to the fanaticism of the day, we have never before known to be uttered in so small a compass of words. That toast breathes out volumes of reflections the most wholesome, weighty and apt, and such as the haters of our institutions both at home and abroad would do well to seriously consider. "Our Govern-ment as it is!" It needs no alteration in its material features. As a whole the model is perfect as human means can construct. We occupy "aurea mediocritas" the golden mean—as be-tween despotism and anarchy, tyranny and lawlessness. Our system admits of and has for its object "the greatest good for the greatest number." No sovereign is acknowledged but the com-mon People—no rule of civil action but the will of the majority Constitu-tionally expressed. Such Will of the majority "admits of no resistance, no rebellion." Though offensive to mi-norities it nevertheless must be submit-tered to and obeyed, on pain of condem-nation of the Law and displeasure of the People. "Let those who dislike such a Government find a better if they can!" If ours does not suit them, and they will not give it submission and support, they have no right to infest citizenship, they have no right to in-fest the peace and quiet of our Institu-tions and the health and happiness of the world with their pollutions. The world is large enough for us all. Let them make homes under the monarchs and despots of civilization, or else with the semi-barbarous and heathen. If our Government is not perfect enough, "let them find a better if they can!"

Syracuse Star.

Thomas H. Benton.

This veteran statesman comes out no-bly in his old age. He is of the Romans, and not, by far, the least worthy of them. He has run a truly American career.

"Born in North Carolina, in 1783; educated at the Chapel Hill College in that State; studied law at William and Mary's in Virginia; entered the army in 1810; emigrated to the Territory of Mis-souri a year or two after; there became editor of a newspaper; saw Missouri ad-mitted into the Union as a sovereign State in 1821; was elected to the Senate of the United States a year after; served in that capacity thirty years; was a great man in the Senate when Webster, Clay and Calhoun were in their prime; was defeated in 1854; young campaigner, with the vigor of the House of Repre-sentatives in 1852; and now, in his sev-enty-ninth year, is the foremost champion and advocate of that most magnificent project of modern times, the great Pa-cific Railroad."

Married, at Paris Church of Himbleton, by Rev. John Vernon, James Hobbins, Esq., of Cladesley Corbett, after a courtship of four days, and Harriet, youngest daughter of Wm. Chambers, of the New House, Himble-ton. The bridegroom was in his ninety-seventh year, and had no time to lose; his fair bride, who has nearly seen six-teen summers, had pity on him, and took off hand, "for better or for worse," after he had settled upon her the whole of his property, amounting to £8,000 a year.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Edward Everett, in his Fourth of July address at Boston, thinks that Young America needs a curb and that we "old ones, perhaps, still more fre-quently need the spur." The conclu-sion of his address accords with the general anticipations of all intelligent lookers-on upon the European affairs:

"The spirit of the age has gone forth to hold his great review, and the kings of the earth are moved to meet him at his coming. The band which holds the powers of Europe together in one political league is strained to its utmost tension. The catastrophe may for a while be staved off but to all appear-ance they are hurrying to the verge of one of those conflicts which, like those of Pharsalis and Actium, affect the condition of States for twice ten cen-turies. The Turkish Empire encamped but four centuries on the frontiers of Europe, and the Chinese Monarchy, contemporary with David and Solomon, are alike crumbling. While these events are passing in the Old World, a tide of emigration which has no parallel in history, is pouring westward across the Atlantic and eastward across the Pacific, to our shores. The real political vitality of the world seems moving to the new Hemisphere whose condition and fortunes it involves upon us and our children to mould and regulate."

STING OF CONSCIENCE.—RECOVERY OF STOLEN GOODS.—Our readers will re-member that some six weeks since, the store of Mr. Hambro on Vine street, above Sixth, was entered by burglars, and some \$1,500 worth of silk fringes and other goods taken therefrom. All efforts to discover the robber of the goods was of no avail. Yesterday, Marshal Ruffin received a letter dated at Louisville, but postmarked in this city, stating that the writer was on a sick bed and would probably die; that he could not die without revealing the fact that he had committed the above burglary, and that the goods were boxed and stored on the Louisville Line wharf-boat. Thither Mr. Ruffin re-paired and found the goods as described. They were restored to the poor trades-man, who was overjoyed at their sight. The letter had no signature.

Cin. Times, 20th.

CASSADY, THE LOUISVILLE AND CIN-CINNATI MAIL AGENT.—We learn that a suit for damages will be brought against Cassidy, the mail agent on the Louisville, Madison and Cincinnati packet John Simpson, who neglected to deliver the Cincinnati mail due here Saturday night. A remittance was made for the purpose of paying a bill due yesterday, which was protested at the close of Bank, the remittance not having reached here in time, through the neglect of Cassidy. The drawers of the bill are subject to five per cent damages for its return, besides notary's fees, to say nothing of injury to their credit; and Mr. Cassidy will now have an opportunity to make good, if he can, the injury thus sustained through his negligence. It is time that the personal liability of mail agents were fully tested.

Madison Banner, 20th.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the hand.—A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recol-lection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment.—A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of new milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, two of sugar. Season with nutmeg or cinnamon, and add salt to your liking. The milk should be placed over a slow fire, and when at the boiling point, the flour should be added, being previously stirred up in cold milk. As soon as thor-oughly scalded, add the sugar, spices and salt. This is an excellent dish, and deservedly prized by every one who has tried it.

A hard working and industrious coal heaver in Boston, has just received information that a brother has recently died in California, leaving him a fortune of \$52,000. The fortunate man is the father of several children, and his wife has heretofore aided in supporting them by taking in washing.

HOW THEY ARE KNOWN.—The follow-ing fragment of conversation was over-heard the other day, on board a steam-boat: "I met Lord Ellesmere and his party at Niagara, the other day. I knew the ladies were persons of distinc-tion the moment I saw them, because they wore no jewelry, nor any other or-nament whatever."

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice cream?"
"Indade I can—do they not bake them in cold ovens, to be sure."

The grave of James Madison, twice President of the United States, cannot be recognized. Shame!

Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspond-ent, the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is the world of shadows, and the eternal is the only one of living realities."